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ADDITIONAL WORDS TO "MARYLAND."

[AS SUNG BY THE MARYLAND VOLUNTEERS IN THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.]

Respectfully Inscribed to COL. JANIFER, the brave and gallant Hero of Leesburg.

BY MRS. CORNELIA J. M. JORDAN.

Bride of the noble Chesapeake,
Maryland, sweet Maryland,
What means the blush upon thy cheek?
Maryland, sweet Maryland.
Alas! with base, ignoble power,
The Tyrant smites Columbia's flower,
And o'er thee clouds and darkness lower,
Maryland, sweet Maryland.

Thy harp is on the willows hung,
Maryland, sad Maryland;
And Falsehood seeks to chain thy tongue,
Maryland, sad Maryland;
But Truth will yet thy wrongs reveal,
And human hearts that truth will seal.
And clang of arms and clash of steel,
Maryland, sad Maryland.

Thou'lt not own the Oppressor's might,
Maryland, bold Maryland.
Thou'lt spur us bold and dare the right,
Maryland, bold Maryland!
What though awhile in base control,
His triumph car upon thee roll,
He cannot manacle the soul,
Maryland, bold Maryland.

The blood of all thy martyred slain,
Maryland, brave Maryland.
Shall' surely not cry out in vain,
Maryland, brave Maryland!
Hark! from the Dungeon's loathsome wall,
They noble sons in bondage ea l—
Say, shall their sinother'd ery be all?
Maryland, brave Maryland.

No, no, thou'lt be no towering slave,
Maryland, proud Maryland,
While beat for thee warm hearts and brave,
Maryland, proud Maryland.
Thou'lt not a vandal trust afford,
While thousands wait thy beekoning word,
And Janifer can wield a sword,
Maryland, proud Maryland.

Oh, lift again thy queenly brow,
Maryland, bright Maryland,
Though withered garlands crown thee now,
Maryland, bright Maryland.
That forehead fair so dimmed and scarred,
Will yet shine bright and Glory-starred,
To meet the conquering Beauregard,
Maryland, bright Maryland.

We will not say farewell to thee,
Maryland, dear Maryland,
A faithful mother thou'lt be,
Maryland, dear Maryland.
We only ask that hand in hand,
With Old Virginia thou'lt stand,
And spurn the invader's hireling band,
Maryland, dear Maryland.

Blessings upon thy noble head,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Thine altars are not dead,
Maryland, my Maryland.
There is a God who rules the free,
Who burs the chains of tyranny,
Who's arm will yet deliver thee,
Maryland, my Maryland.

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